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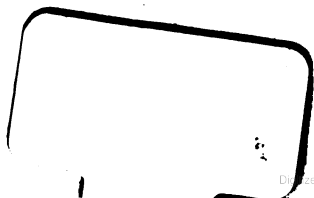
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PLEASANTE FFCTIONNE

OF

Beleader and De Anglican Plums.

AN IRREGULAR LEGEND

(AFTER INGOLDSBY)

IN EIGHT "SPASMS,"

WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES

BY DEMILLE OSMOND.



LONDON:

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P R E F A C E .

THE following Poem has been written in order that the future historian of the Oxford Tractarian movement may have some data upon which to account for the secessions to Rome, which formed so important and astounding an item in that movement.

There is no reason, I think, why the history of that movement should not already be commenced; for, so far as the Church of Rome is concerned, the movement is practically at an end, and, so far as subservient to Rome's ends, entirely useless. The secessions to Rome which arose from the first throes of the Tractarian movement, have run through a course perfectly regular, perfectly definite, and as accurately to be measured and estimated, by natural laws, as the movements of a comet.

Those persons who will take the trouble to examine this seceding comet will find I. that it was mainly composed of men of about the same age and status and theological learning, and having a strong bond of sympathy among them; II. that this comet ran a certain definite course and then stopped; III. that the influence of the Tractarian seceders since they left us, has entirely ceased in the Church of England; IV. that their own influence which was originally great in their new communion is gradually weakening year by year. Now it is remarkable, that a natural law which we perceive working daily in all classes of society should have visibly affected the condition and action of the Church of Rome in this country. I mean, of course, the law of social affinity, which seems very decidedly to forbid that old persons should, in general, mix freely with young ones, or understand their modes of thought and action. It is a very rare case to find

an elderly man of such a genial disposition that the young take a delight in his company and he in theirs. Perhaps one man in every million possesses this remarkable trait of character and, if such a man becomes, in his youth, the founder of a sect or the propagator of some new religious dogma and is persevering he will exercise an influence on his generation perfectly marvellous. But, if after a certain period of life his power forsakes him and he finds those younger than him avoiding his company, he must not be surprised if he loses all influence save with his contemporaries. This is one of the most remarkable traits of the Oxford movement, viz., that no single man has been at the head of it as was Wesley at the head of his sect. And, yet the edifice has grown wonderfully as Wesley's work never grew. With the ideas of Pusey, Keble and other early Tractarians we of this generation can have little sympathy, because we do not fully understand them; and, had the Tractarian movement not have been taken up by successive generations of younger men it must have perished, or, at all events dwindled down to nothing. But it is *because* younger men successively have taken it up and continued it, that we are enabled to sympathize with them and become Tractarians ourselves. And it is equally remarkable, but no less true that the seceders to Rome find their influence waning with the young and rising generation of English Churchmen. There has not arisen one among them who could carry on his influence with men of all ages till he fell in his grave. Had such an one arisen I should have felt anxiety for the Church of England.

Up to a certain point then, a certain class of influential men—mainly contemporaries—went over to Rome. The secession stopped about the time of the Gorham decision when the last of these contemporary men shelved off, and the secessions since have been so few and straggling, and, moreover, have been almost, if not quite, balanced by those who have returned to us that it is evident to our eyes that the Oxford movement no longer benefits Rome. It is the same tale wherever we go. The old and influential converts as they drop off are not replaced by others of equal influence. Here and there an old dowager or so is caught but a person with one leg in the grave cannot be said to have an in-

creasing influence. Birmingham and Manchester mill hands are got, perhaps in considerable numbers, but that class of society is not likely to raise the Church of Rome to supremacy in this country. It would be a different case if that Church could elevate such converts and make them such men as the Church of England has made the upper and middle classes of this country, but she cannot do so. The Roman Church is a *system* which confines all except a few of her most crafty and scheming members to a pitch very little above the level of dissent, so that there need be no fear that Roman Catholics getting hold of the lower classes will ever make them injurious to us. The operatives who join the Roman Church may save their souls, but they will never, by any powers with which Rome will endow them become noxious to the Anglican Church or the English nation.

Now, of course, a young English Churchmen of the present day reading an abstract of the Gorham judgment will condemn it. It was wrong, of course, but at the same time it was promulgated at a time when he knew little and cared less about matters of dogma. He was then in jackets and could not understand such matters, and there are a vast number of circumstances surrounding these things which lend them a very different tinge after the lapse of years. If a Roman Catholic should ask me why I stay in such a Church after the Gorham and Essay and Review decisions, I should ask how was it good people did not quit the Church when Popes sanctioned the Arian heresy? Where would the Catholic Church have been now? where would have been the Creeds of Christendom if the Orthodox Catholics through whose influence these Creeds have been transmitted to us had "left" the Church. Furthermore, however much the Church of England may be oppressed by statecraft we know that such is merely human and temporary, and that when the Church shall have leavened—as she rapidly is leavening—the higher sort of people very different decisions will be given. Let her "persevere to the end" and she "shall be saved."

However, Roman Catholics would do well to note that in addition to the present generation of born and bred Anglicans who can feel no sympathy with seceders because no younger men

have carried the seceding ideas on, there is a large class coming into the English Church every year, and beginning to exercise a remarkable influence over her. I mean the dissenters who have reverted to the Church. Now it seems to be the evil fate of dissent of the present generation, to lose all its best men to the Church. I know as a fact that dissent has now to recruit the ranks of its ministry from a very inferior half-educated class of people. And I knew of a "revival" some years ago in which some hundreds were concerned, the sole result of which was that all save one returned again to worse than their old ways, and that one began to "study for the Church." Now these men who have left dissent have been brought up in an extremely rough and ready and practical school. Taught by their early friends to rave at God in prayer and threaten Him with all sorts of consequences* these men will not be very squeamish as to their language when they come to be confronted in after life by the Bishops and clergy of Rome. When such an one—albeit, perhaps, after much trouble of mind—has joined the Church of England and is told by the *Dublin Review* or *The Month* that he has joined a purely human institution, he naturally takes—even on the lowest ground—such information as a gratuitous insult to his judgment, in short he understands that he has been delicately called a fool, and it must not be surprising to Romanists that he should wreak vengeance on the whole body of them with summary process. And this is the more easy for him to do since it is not with theological weapons (of which he may not know the use) that Rome needs be attacked. There are so many vulnerable points arising out of the claim to supremacy made by the Popes that a man needs not much wit to find a sore where his weapons may produce effect.

These reverts from Dissent, moreover, not only have no sympathy or understanding in common with those persons who seceded from the Church years before they joined it, but they do not altogether understand their motives for doing so. They can no more sympathize with the Oxford seceders than they can with the

* Such as, for example, smashing furniture and vowing that they will pull Him out of heaven with cart ropes &c.

dreary old people whom they find in church groaning out their portion of the service in a style learnt, perhaps half a century since. And they see and judge things very differently to what born and bred Anglicans do. These ex-dissenters have had the choice of Rome and England before them and they have chosen the Church of England in all probability because they found men of their own age ready to sympathize with them and instruct them, when they shrunk with the instincts of youth from contact with musty old seceders to Rome. But, had Rome been fortunate enough to have secured a fresh crop of young Oxford men every year the case would, doubtless, have been very different.

Here, then, is to us one great cause of Rome's non-success in this country, and the simple operation of a natural law will serve to explain how it is that in some places here she is 'actually retrogading and in others scarcely holds her own. Some of her hard won converts have left her, others not finding what they expected have relapsed into infidelity. Some are asking themselves why they seceded, others wish that they had never seceded at all. At all events it seems pretty clear that the magnetic attraction of the Church of Rome is not what it was even a few years ago, and that precisely as the Church of England has advanced in the religious life and developed her legitimate and long disused ritual so has the influence of the Church of Rome weakened.

Now a reverter from Dissent has not, generally, left it because expelled, or because dissent was unwilling to receive him, for, of all easy things, it is the easiest for an adult person to become a "member" of any sect I know, save the Anabaptists and Quakers. With respect to the rest it would seem to be a simple case of "pay your money and say your prayers" for they would never think of asking an adult whether he had ever been baptized before they admitted him to Communion. As a rule there are no violent storms of persecution on doctrinal points levelled by leading dissenters against other members of their body, least of all is any offence given to paying members. It would be safe to say that very few respectable dissenters revert to the Church because persecuted by their own friends. When these men, therefore, come to examine the conduct of certain Anglicans who have gone

over to Rome, they are not disposed to regard them too favourably.

It is all but confessed by some of the "seceders," who are, perhaps more candid than discreet, that, at the time they left the Church of England there was a very considerable amount of persecution of the Tractarians, and the tone of their language leads us decidedly to infer that they could not "stand" this persecution, and therefore left the Church of England. Now in what light to us stands their moral courage and their stability of purpose? Certainly on the very lowest level, for we are not inaptly led to compare them with those noble witnesses to the truth of the Catholic Faith who stood firm and did not quit the Church when even Popes sanctioned Arian heresies. We naturally put these seceders in the background and bring forward for admiration those great and excellent men who, despite all trouble and trial steadfastly stuck to the Church of England and are now reaping the reward of their devotion in the immense influence they have gained within her. A man who goes over to the enemy in the turning-point of the fight is certain to be despised when the battle goes at last in favour of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day.

And keeping this in view we shall be at no loss to account for the attitude these seceders now maintain towards their old Church. Soured by persecution, and mortified by failures it is the characteristic of a certain class of minds, in all ages and places and under all circumstances, by the operation of a purely natural law, to turn the tables as effectively as they can against their old friends and allies. Were this not so, universally, we might be tempted to suppose that the Church of Rome exercised a magnetic attraction not to be equalled in Christendom. But it is evidently not so with regard to men who have slunk out of our midst to the Church of Rome as a *pis aller*, better than dissent, to which of course they would not go, since they had learnt Sacramental truth in the Church of England, and could not afford to fall downwards although they did not care about sliding backwards.

And then, comparing the state of the Church of Rome for the

past three centuries with the state to which those men have brought her in the present day, we see as a remarkable fact that Rome herself has not been able to produce blood sufficiently good to enable her to assume the importance she professes to do in this country. What little extra status she now has, she owes, not to men born and bred within her but to men, nourished with the higher vitality of the Anglican Church, who have gone over to her. Will this be continued in the next generation unless a fresh supply of Anglican vitality is infused into her? Most certainly not. The influence of Rome will dwindle as it is even now dwindling, unless the supply of Anglican energy be recruited by a fresh batch of converts from time to time. The corollary then, comes to our minds with dead certainty that Rome has a certain weakness which may be "filliped up" for a time but which will in the end absorb all imported strength and reduce it to her own level. Need we say that we hesitate to be "pulled down," or that we go to the Anglican Church as able to give us a higher "tone" than does the Roman.

Then, too, the position and aims of the new Papal "hierarchy" are perfectly plain and obvious to our eyes. Why not put the head quarters of that Church which is deluding itself with the notion that it is capable and willing to convert England, as the early Christians converted Rome from the depths of the Catacombs, in some obscure country village. Why not place head quarters at Oxford where the Tractarian movement began? But, no, the metropolis must be chosen because it is the heart of the British Empire and, any amount of success obtained elsewhere would be but partial and incomplete so long as the metropolis remained unsubdued. To the eyes of many zealous Roman propagandists, London is a second pagan Rome whose conversion, when accomplished, will influence the world more than the conversion of ancient Rome influenced it. It is the want of present success in this matter, as well as the certainty of ultimate failure, forecast by those who can read the signs of the times and deduce future events from past history, that compels us to look upon the Roman scheme of the new hierarchy as rather contemptible.

Of course this ecclesiastical establishment claims a "mission"

but it evidences itself to us as in the last degree unsatisfactory and scarcely a whit above the level of the "mission" of dissenters who claim an inward call from God, not bestowed by the imposition of hands. Now, I would have Roman authorities remark that their Church in this country although certainly presenting an attractive appearance externally in the shape of music and candles, fails entirely to realize in the faintest degree, to us any position superior to that attained by dissenters, if even it can be said to approach to that. I suppose, that, along with this "hierarchy" we have in each bishoprick a new arrangement of parishes. This may be so in theory, and even on paper, but how does it work in practice? Why that in no single case does dissenter or Romanist assert any rights contrary to those of the Anglican parish priest. All parties involuntarily and discreetly draw into the background and acknowledge the supremacy of the See of Canterbury. And, in this movement the Romanist, at all events in England, usually stands at the very extremity of the queue.

Now as the Roman clergy do not assert the rights they claim, and as the Anglican clergy *do*, they need not be surprised to find people who might be attached to them going, after all, to the Anglican priest. For instance, if I write a voluminous epistle to the Rev. Lowchurch, M.A., Cantab, attacking his calvanistic views, I am certain to get a reply deprecating, of course, my arguments and inviting me to discuss matters over in his study with a "little prayer." Or, if I call upon the Rev. Mr. Pompass, his High Church neighbour, to know what I am to believe as to Baptismal regeneration, he will be sure to come out to me and hold affable converse. Or, if I go to the Church where an Honorable and Reverend holds forth and he sees me there regularly he will be certain to stop me the first time he sees me in the street and have a kindly chat over Church matters and my spiritual state in particular. Nothing before I joined the Anglican Church, so won me as these little acts of kindness and sympathy. It is true I did not join the Church of England *for* them but still it is more pleasant to have sympathy from ones own kind than to view solid blocks of stone which will not speak until

spoken to. Wherever I have gone I have found the Anglican Clergyman, High Church, Low Church or Broad Church, always kind, always attentive, and always ready to give me what advice he could. There are, of course, a few snobbish members of the English hierarchy but they are rarely to be found in the ranks of the parochial clergy.

Contrast all this with the treatment one receives from the hands of Romish clergy. Write to *them* upon any matter, and the chances are ten to one that your letter will be taken the slightest notice of, unless, indeed, you profess your desire to become at once "a convert." Even Oxford men who have received the education of gentlemen and have not advanced to the priesthood successively from the grade of acolyte boy, are constantly in the habit of committing the unpardonable snobbishness of taking no notice of correspondence unless it suits their purpose to do so. Here then is a repulsive feeling implanted against their Church, in an educated mind, which induces me to catalogue them at once with the snobbish members of the lower middle classes who take a fortnight to reply to a letter, while the Duke replies by return of post. And, then, call upon these Roman clergy. You are, ten to one, kept in a draughty passage or "Hall" for half an hour before an answer can be vouchsafed to you, and then at last his Reverence sends out his Secretary, a bourish kind of Irish priest, who colours up to his ears the moment he sees you, stutters, stammers, hesitates, and informs you that his master is engaged till to-morrow. When we add to all this snobbishness and unsociability the fact that there is not an Ultramontane magazine or newspaper, that is not constantly in the habit of garbling facts and suppressing truths, we cannot be surprised that, whatever the theoretical advantage to be derived from union with the See of Peter, it does not, in a practical point of view, recommend itself at all to Englishmen. It may be true, as the convert Ultramontanes inform us that we belong to a Church of human foundation unable to give us valid Sacraments. That, however, is a matter of private Ultramontane opinion and, taken merely as an assertion, may be either true or false, and does not commit the individual who promulgates it to an absolute falsehood either way, since

it is merely a speculative hazard. However, when a little further on we find a *suppressio veri* or a *suggestio falsi* which even a pagan would scorn to employ, we are apt to doubt very much the value of any assertions made as to the status of the Church of England. And simply for this reason, that, if falsehood be necessary to be employed by Ultramontanes in matters purely secular and patent to the carnal senses, who can believe their rabid utterances on things unseen and spiritual, and upon which, matter of fact men as a rule are always disinclined to speculate or dogmatize.

I have fancied, however, that I have within the last two years seen a great difference in the tone of the Ultramontane press and its followers generally. Whether it is that they are beginning to open their eyes to the failure of their tactics, or, whether they have been soundly thrashed into civility, or whether they find that if England is to be won a course of action differing from oburgations and snobbery must be adopted or whether it is that they find the Church of England gaining increased influence over the highest classes as their own is precisely declining, certain it is that a more guarded and polite tone has been adopted towards the Church of England latterly, even by the most acrid of the Ultramontane seceders. "People now know what their diatribes are worth and the reason why they are written, and consequently pay little attention to them. "Old Roman Catholics," they argue "never speak thus of the Church of England, they are always deferential and speak with becoming propriety." And when we see all this abuse levelled against the Church of England by mere converts, we know that the spirit which dictates it is a petty spirit of pique and revenge, which would equally display itself in them if, desirous of introducing portions of the Koran into the worship of the Church of England, they were foiled in their attempt, and, eventually took refuge under the green flag of the prophet.

But a vastly more striking and important view of the Papal Church than any I have brought forward obtrudes itself on the minds of practical Englishmen. It does not seem very clear to them that the Papal Church, asserting that the powers of the English Church are human and her own Powers divine, substantiates this claim with a tittle of practical evidence. I shall not,

here, use the line of argument adopted by some and cite Papal bangles heresies and contradictions as proofs that the Papacy at all events is fallible, because any number of contradictions may, doubtless, be found in the works of Anglican divines. These would all be mere argumentative straws. What I would particularly bring forward is the fact, firstly, that the Church of England has voluntarily chosen to put herself to a crucial test which the Church of Rome has hitherto declined to do; secondly, that out of that ordeal she has at length emerged triumphant, and is now infinitely stronger than ever she was in the days when she acknowledged Papal Supremacy; thirdly, that she is looked up to and respected by people alien to her Communion by whom Rome is detested or laughed at.

Conceive, now, the Church of Rome doing what the English Church did at the Reformation, that is to say translating all her Offices and the Mass into the vernacular wherever she went, translating the Scriptures, sowing them broadcast and reading them openly in her Churches.* We know of course, instantly, what the result would be. Everything else, ritual and all, might be kept up, but the moment Rome did everything in the vernacular she would lose vast shoals of people who, on understanding everything, would think much less of the See of Peter than they do now. It would, of course, be the lower and more ignorant classes who would break off from her just as the same classes have broken off from the Church of England. These persons, of course fancied they could make a church to themselves without a priesthood. They could do everything of course, as well as the Angli-

* I am aware that is urged as an objection against openly read scriptures that there are passages sometimes read which certainly are indelicate. We do not, however, find among Roman Catholics that they acquire any increase of "delicacy" from not hearing the Scriptures—objectionable passages and all—read in Church. It is, in fact, rather the reverse, and I have often been disgusted myself at the low, obscene language Roman Catholic (chiefly convert) fathers of families grown up, will use in ordinary conversation, and even seem to pique themselves upon doing so.

can priest or bishop. Why indeed should they not? And yet at the end of three centuries they are beginning to see their mistake. Not a dissenter too with whom I converse but sees the inherent falsity of the position of the Church of Rome in this country. When dissenting preachers come to me and complain bitterly of the contemptuous manner in which the Church clergy treat them there is no need for me to say "oh the Anglican hierarchy are, of course nothing. You know the Church of Rome has set up a new lot of Bishops who are supposed to supersede ours altogether. Why then care a straw for the opinion of the Anglican clergy?" Alas, these poor dissenters see that whatever the pretensions of Rome in this country may be, there is no reality in them and that the Anglican clergy in point of fact hold the key of the religious position.

It might be asking too much of the Church of Rome that she should consent to put herself through the ordeal through which the Church of England has voluntarily passed. There would be a break up of course of the Roman system, as such, Ultramontanism would die out because it would be deprived of the *pabulum* on which it batters; the artificial cement which keeps such multitudes bound to the Papal See, and which passes for Unity, would drop out from between the stones and the Jesuitical jugglers who "manage" the Papacy would find their occupation gone. But would the Church of Rome be abolished from off the face of the earth as a consequence of doing this? Certainly not! for did not Christ promise His Apostles that the gates of Hell should not prevail against the Church and, just as they have not "prevailed" against the Church of England, so neither would they "prevail" against the Church of Rome. True there would be much trouble and trial, there would probably be enough pressure put upon the faithful few who clung still to the Roman Church to compel them to worship in the meanest and least attractive manner. Their priests might be compelled to give up every point of ritual, and consecrate the Eucharist in their ordinary clothes. But the upshot of all would be at the end of about three centuries that the people who had broken off from Rome and set up tables of their own, would find that a Church is not to be made by human

hands, and gradually Rome might resume the candles, the incense and the usages which she had temporarily and, perhaps wisely, discarded.

This has been precisely the experience of the Church of England, and as a matter of course we who have beheld her heroic sufferings and her now fast advancing glory and triumph feel for her that noble sympathy which is so inbred a sentiment of the Englishman. And until the Church of Rome can appeal to our chivalrous feelings in a similar manner and after undergoing similar trials, we cannot accord her an atom of sympathy or the smallest respect not even on account of her venerable appearance, for on such grounds we must accord greater veneration for the Greeks, and almost as much for the Anglicans who claim to possess the very first Christian Church ever built in the world.* We say then to the Church of Rome: "have you the truth, put it to the test and let it be refined. As you specially claim to be the Infalible Voice of God you ought and doubtless would come out of the ordeal with even a greater resplendency than the Church of England has. And then you will convince the great English nation of the truth of your doctrine, not before. It is absurd to expect that you would consent to put yourself through such an ordeal; but, absurdity or no absurdity, the Church of England *has* gone through it and you *have* not. And that is precisely the gauge by which we estimate the standards, respectively, of the Church of Rome and the Church of England. And precisely because the first omen of success with which your new hierarchy were favoured, in the shape of converts, is now on the wane, and you are about stationary, or, at all events have not been able to continue your first triumphs, we conclude you are "going down" and have no objection, in the usual course of human nature, to give you a push or two and so accelerate your retrograde progress.

It is some consolation to the Ultramontane faction to inform us that all persons who are "baptized" are baptized into the Church of Rome (so-called Catholic). This I doubt, for, in the

* S. Mary de Lode, Gloucester, dating about A.D. 182. It is thought that S. Peter preached near here.

first place to actually "baptize" is a rarity among both Roman and Anglicans, it is chiefly practised by the Greeks, the Western Church having alone adopted the corrupt method of aspersion or "christening." However, the Church of Rome seems determined to get hold of us by hook or by crook but takes care nevertheless to administer a conditional christening to her converts. According to Rome a Mormon might "baptize" validly into "the Catholic Church;" but I apprehend few converts to Rome or England would be satisfied with such baptism if they afterwards entered either Church. There is a good deal in appearances after all, and I suppose the numbers of persons who annually go over to the Anglican Church from dissent and insist upon being conditionally baptized, must do so because they feel that the Anglican priest has an authority which the dissenting minister has not.

But I must award a meed of praise to our dissenting friends before parting. I by no means hold with the erastian Dean of Westminster that dissent has a mission which the Church "could not so well accomplish" for I hold that the Church, if properly worked as she should be, would afford to all classes and all shades of religious opinion, not repulsive to the truths of the Gospel, sufficient and satisfactory pasturage. That she has not been enabled hitherto to do so, has not entirely been her own fault as many dissenters are perceiving. Perhaps the sole virtue of dissent consists in its special exaltation of Christ, and the doctrine it inculcates that our best chance of salvation lies in an intense love for Him and an affection for Him like that felt by a youth for his first maiden sweetheart. Nor must the good old Roman Catholic pass unnoticed. He was always a quiet unostentatious man, keeping himself to himself, always deferential, always apologetic, never obtruding his religion and never offensive. For such a man one always felt friendship and sympathy. But for the mountebanks who have latterly rushed into the arena, dieted with highly peppered ultramontane steaks, one hardly knows whether to entertain feelings of contempt or ridicule. The one consolation is that they are dying off and there is no one coming forward to take their places.

Lastly it is with these latter sort (usually converts) that I have aimed my arrows, and the game is perfectly fair, they, as converts to the Church of Rome, use weapons which born and bred Romanists would not use; I, as a convert to the Church of England, am equally, with them, unsophisticated and unparticular. I may not, perhaps, write "nice" things but then both my opponents and myself are agreed not to stand upon ceremony; it is a case of convert cut convert, in a fight where none of the combatants are any better than pebbles and will be certain to come off with mutual bruises in the encounter; but there is this great difference between us, as converts, respectively:—I left dissent because the Church of England possessed for me greater attractions, and, so far from being driven from dissent as a scaly fish, was always pestered to remain in its bosom. But it was not so with several of the men who went over to Rome. They have let out the fact that it was not the superior attractiveness of Rome that drew them, but the (now extinct) narrow, persecuting, bigoted spirit which in their day animated the then dominant Puritan party in the Church of England and drove them from her. Much as we, who live in better times, must regret the course by which the Church lost some of her best men, we cannot but be alive to the fact that Rome in those days got many who were then considered the aughts and leavings of the Church, and scarcely good enough to remain in communion with her.

Such men having gone over to Rome have been, of course, able within a very brief space of time to raise themselves high in their new communion. But the last thing Rome ought ever to have done was to promote them and put them in power. If anything could be infallibly certain about such men it was that they would use their new position to attack and vilify the English Church in such a way that vengeance would be certain to descend upon the Roman Communion and in the end, result by doing that Communion more harm than good. This is what Rome gets by petting and promoting converts, as of course she eagerly does, especially when they can be got from that great Anglican Church her *bête noire* and dreadful overshadowing rival.

And may We who have gone over to the Church of England

for love, not money or promotion or mitres, long remain in her and assist to extend her glories and enlarge her borders and influence in the generation to which we are coming which shall witness her prosperity and Rome's decadence.

D. O.



YE

PLEAUSANTE FFICITIONNE.

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Ye

PLEAUSANTE FFIXTIONNE.

SPASM YE FIRST.

Description of the Town of Oukisophopol and its inhabitants.

IN the Midland Counties there is a town
(A middling town in a middling place)
With an unenviable renown
O'er all the world, in this year of Grace.
'Tis known as the place where the softs and flats
Of the British Empire drain
And asininely congregate
Each with an addle-headed pate,
"Not a hundred miles" from "this" or "that"
Locality you may please to think
Is indicated by my ink,
'Tis not important—my tale will "down"
Quite as well at Cariboo
As at any third rate English town;
I'm never particular to *place*
So long as pinches well the shoe,
And the mirror is held to Nature's face.

But, with due elegance and propriety
 I hope to exhibit the state of society
 In a third class watering place. Don't grumble
 Nor at my views erratic stumble;
 Though I plainly speak, no offence is meant
 To either Church, Sovereign, or Dissent.
 So, of that town most bright and fair,
 Boasting the most salubrious air,
 Religious fads and religious whims,
 Canting and ranting and snuffling of hymns,
 And half a dozen mineral springs.
 My Muse (well primed with "Allsopp") sings.
 Hosts of old Admirals on half pay
 May be met in that town nearly every day.
 Dozens of Generals. from Bengal.
 In its streets decrepidly crawl.
 Swarms of old Captains like walking dummies
 Ogle old maids, like Egyptian mummies.
 Tallow chandlers just retired
 From the neighbourhood of Vauxhall,
 (Their cash and carriages smelling of trade
 And footmen in liveries arrayed
 Like gorgeous dragoons) get admired,
 And from the M. C. many a call,
 And do the "heavy swell" about
 Till their antecedents are found out.
 Crowds, too, of parsons, "whitely clerical," [A]
 Of the school known as "strict evangelical,"
 Jostle each other in every street,
 And frequently together meet
 For "tea-fights" and "muffin worries:"

This is the way the "Low Church" carries
 Special favour with "the elect,"
 And thinks its acting quite correct.
 Heaps of dissenting preachers, too,
 Fraternizing with the Church
 Adopting a churchy style and dress,
 Wearing, "choker," surplice and cassock,
 With a strong partiality for a hassock
 And pig-pen pews, and huge "three-deckers"
 That would glad the eyes of Cornish wreckers;
 Echoing the Church's Cal-vi-nism
 And insulted if told that they're "in schism."
 Calvinism, like blanket wet,
 Pervading every one that's met;
 Not excepting the Roman clergy
 Who drone their chants and sermons dirgy
 In the same sepulchral nasal tone
 (Something between a chant and a groan,
 Resembling echoes from the grave,)
 In which the Puritan parsons rave
 Calvinism everywhere;
 Drunk in the water, breathed in the air.
 From foot of porch to top of steeple;
 Calvinism over all the people.
 In the shape of their hats and the bend of their legs,
 Calvinist hens laying Calvinist eggs.
 Soup kitchens *ad infinitum*
 And "Loan Societies" the flats to bite 'em, [B]
 Prayer Meetings every week, ["Greek."
 The "Queen's English" murdered, and hatred of
 Old maids poking about with "tracts,"

Discovering everybody's "acts."
People turning the whites of their eyes,
Like Methodist preachers, to the skies.
Mealy mouthed words everlastingly spoken,
And honour (like pie crusts) often broken.
Scripture Readers spouting "bosh,"
With umbrella and golosh,
Raving away till worse than hoarse—
Rome doing a thriving trade *of course*.

SPASM YE SECOND.

Ye Pope journeyeth to that town and instructeth ye faithful
there to erect a "Catholic Church."

THE Pope put on his triple crown,
And went to that benighted town;
Its fame had come on the Zephyr's wings,
With the notes that chorister "Mustapha" sings [c]
And the Pope with wondrous instinct, thought
That in that town "the true Church," ought,
If anywhere—to make progression.
So, gathering up his self-possession,
He sallied forth that town to charm,
With his Breviary under his arm;
Going like an ordinary scamp,
Most unaristocratically "on tramp."
For the Pope he once had made a vow,
That, if ever in any future "row"
He was compelled to quit "sweet home,"
And, to Gaeta's suburbs roam;
He, certainly on foot would walk—
(A vow which the *Times* failed not "to chalk.")
And so the Pope went to that town,
And was duly welcomed by Father Brown;
And round his chair the "Hoirish" came,
And blessed the Holy Father's name.
And, while the Papal toe caressing,
They got, of course, the Papal blessing.
In a strictly economic sense,

They brought a dole of "Peter pence."
 Then Father Brown, a man acute,
 Who hitherto had stood quite mute,
 Said in the Holy Father's ear,
 "Tell them, our Lord what brings you here."
 So, the Holy Father cleared his throat,
 And began to talk of Saint Peter's boat,
 (Or, as some term it, Saint Peter's "bark,"
 Infallibly salvation's ark.)
 He told them that "The Catholic Church"
 Had been left, by England, in the lurch,
 (As by her history appears,
 For upwards of three hundred years.)
 But that they very soon would see,
 A new coined "Catholic" hier-ar-chee;
 Before whose "witness" the English nation,
 Would run a risk of sure damnation,
 If they rejected its shining light,
 And still continued in pagan night.
 And though it was a singular thing,
 That "the Church" had omitted her "light," to bring
 To Anglican "darkness" for centuries three,
 They must not imagine the cause to be,
 That, hitherto, stringent penal laws,
 (Just repealed), had been the obnoxious cause
 Of "the Church's" actual want of vitality,
 And made her appear like "Old Mortality."
 They must league themselves into a Guild,
 (Not Fenian), and contrive to build
 A splendid Gothic "Catholick" fane,
 In place of the Chapel which, in a lane

Amidst back slums was now located,
 Not known nor seen, not loved nor hated.
 The faithful Irish scratched their polls,
 And the priest and deacon, twiddled their stoles;
 Each visage, wore the peculiar look
 Of a fish's, when it has swallowed a hook.
 With more than natural Irish sense,
 They were calculating the "expense."
 And, Father Brown as he coned their snouts,
 Expressed to the Pope his solemn doubts,
 That the faithful really had the ability
 (They were anything but the rich nobility),
 To pay for mortar, and bricks, and stone,
 Unless they worked their flesh to the bone.
 A thing, which, with all their best desires,
 To see a hundred 'Catholic' spires,
 Rising around them in all directions,
 Would not be deepest in their affections.
 And then, a pause, like a horrid dream,
 Endured till the Pope took up the theme;
 "My children," said he, "you, troubled seem,
 Apparently about the little bill."
 Which, if you don't pay *the converts will*.
 Scrape up, then, enough to make a beginning,
 And, gradually your converts winning;
 You'll find their cheques come by degrees,
 To Support this ancientest* of Sees.
 And, a Church you'll have, the admiration
 Of all the heretics in this nation,

* Query.

Preach therein with all simplicity,
A course of "primitive catholicity."
Tone down your ritual so low,
That people may say you're very slow;
No, "side Altars," for saying Low Mass,
In this calvinistic town will "pass"
Item; specially be wary,
To have no Chapel of Blessed Mary;
Without attempting "pulpit teaching,"
Make a great ado at "preaching."
Have none of those taradiddles,
Masses with "orchestra full and fiddles;"
Stick up no papers for soul's repose,
Which "Catholics" stick up as people knows;
None of the Brompton Oratory "dodges,"
Must you try on these simple Country Hodges
Nor must mariolatry, from Bayswater,
Be introduced in this Calvinist quarter."

"ROMA locuta est"—the thing is finished
 And the Hoirish sensibly felt "diminished."
 Home they went, that pious democracy,
 Cursing the Sassenach aristocracy,
 And went to the loan funds and went to the Banks,
 [pranks,
 And dosed them with "blarney" and tried them with
 [they schemed,
 They scraped and they borrowed, they dodged and
 [dreamed
 And mortgaged and saved, while they constantly
 Of a splendid Church which, in that town,
 Was to put every other down.
 Of the aristocracy coming in carriages,
 And all the fashionable marriages
 Taking place beneath its dome
 And the tip top nobs coming "over to Rome."
 Soon, began contractor and architect
 The Church they had dreamed about, to erect;
 And built a chancel and a nave.
 Till the faithful the needful cash could save
 To build a handsome tower, and spire
 Which was to be carried some ten feet higher

Than any other in that town.
 A part of the Church, I say, was built
 Of brick, with real stone facings gilt;
 But it had a very pretty look,
 As declared the Monsignore who took
 A leading part in its Consecration;
 "'Twas the best in the town without negation."
 And on that great and glorious day
 There was a brilliant array
 Of prelates great and prelates small,
 And an Archbishop with his pall,
 Hosts of chorister boys in procession,
 And learned deans in solemn session,
 Bishops in mitres, priests in birrettas,
 And the Nuncio with apostolick letters,
 Ladies their red hot faces fanning,
 And a *rousing* SERMON preached by M ————g,
 Telling them they were salt of the earth,
 And the priceless value that "salt" was "worth,"
 How every Greek, without condition,
 Owed to the Pope profound submission;
 How the Anglican Church was full of rents,
Sans priesthood, Orders, or Sac-ra-ments;
 And scarcely better than Dissents.
 So on the wondrous preacher went
 With jargon to the same intent;
 And, specially, urged the "salt" to set
 Hard to work and pay "the debt,"
 And soon o'ershadow this country free
 With the great and glorious Papal Tree.
 And praised them for the good beginning

They'd made in the way of convert winning.
 " This, my friends, is the Catholick Church,
 This is the place where the Christians dwell
 As, by their lives the world can tell.
 Steeped as we are in humilit-ee
 Like good old Pope Saint Gre-go-ry.
 Not one of us would accept a See,
 Unless our holy lord the Pope
 Dragged us in it with a rope;
 Every ' Catholick See' goes begging,
 People won't take them without egging.
 But it won't do, such humiliation;
 We're humbled enough by this haughty nation;
 We've no position but degradation.
 We've got to go with hat in hand,
 And beg for rights we can't *demand*.
 Let us cry for an equal status,
 With those heretics who hate us.
 We could 'take' what heresy affords,
 Say ten thousand a year and a seat in 'the Lords.'
 'Tis mortifying, I say, to see
 A so-called 'Bishop' drive by we,
 Pampered in luxury, rolling in wealth,
 Living in comfort and ruddy with health,
 To marry and bury the aristocracy,
 While we have to tramp it among the democracy
 And are snubbed as a clerical 'snobocracy'."
 And so the orator went along
 And tickled the ears of the listening throng,
 And pleased them with rhetorical capers
 Which were subsequently "cut up" in the papers.

And the building of the Church progressed;
They added a bit first East, then West.
Stone by stone they built a tower
The admiration of "the Giaour." [D]
And, atop of the tower a spire they stuck,
The admiration of "the ruck,"
A spire that reached so very high
That it nearly made a hole in the sky,
And the Chancel and Nave, upon my soul,
Look like a bandbox beneath a pole.
It would have been of all spires the swell,
But the law wouldn't tolerate one bell;
This was the badge of inferiority,
Imposed by heretic authority.

SPASM YE FFOURTH.

Mephistopheles visiting ye Pope to deliver to his Holiness an adjuration, is foiled by the sight of a crucifix and compelled to depart.

MEPHISTOPHELES rose from his smoky pit
 To give the demented Pope a bit
 Of sound advice, on the situation
 He'd "tumbled to" with the English nation;
 The better to cheat the Papal eyes
 He rigged himself out in Peter's guise,
 With a fisher's net and a bunch of keys,
 And a long beard floating in the breeze.
 He found the Apostolick Vicar
 Taking his afternoon's dose of liquor,
 Not vulgar grog but "Vinum Falerni,"
 As it happened to be "dies Saturni."
 Said the fiend "I'm Saint Peter, of course you know."
 The Pope looked at him and answered "oh!"
 And then took a glance at "Saint Peter's" toe.
 And looked for his sandals, alas, in vain,
 Then rubbed his eyes and looked again,
 And, to the Pope's no small surprise
 A hoof, unmistakeably met his eyes
 And, of course the Pope knew what *that* meant.
 So, suspecting his visitor's "intent,"
 He asked him to take a glass of wine,

Made of grapes, grown near the shrine
Of Saint Ithuriel, a well known noster,
(Or nostrum) against quack and impostor.
So, Mephistopheles acceding,
(Being a "Gentleman" of good breeding,)
Seized the decanter and filled a glass:
Soon as that wine his lips did pass,
Smoke came issuing out of his nose,
And the Pope, embracing his Crucifix, rose
And said, with an oath, "vade retro Sathana,"
"You cannot gammon me in this manner."
So Mephistopheles, cursed and banished,
Out of the Papal presence vanished.
And, directly the odious fiend had flown,
Cardinals came with Eau-de-Cologne,
For the Pope was nearly ready to faint,
His face, as if daubed with the whitest paint.
But, Mephistopheles did not flee,
He merely was put "up a tree,"
And waited his opportuni-tee;
He stopped till he saw the Cardinals "slope,"
And a lackey bring some dessert to the Pope;
And the Pope went to sleep over straw'bries and cream,
And Mephistopheles made him dream.

SPASM YE FFIFTH.

Mephistopheles causeth ye Pope to dream. An account of ye dream and of ye doings of one Beleader.

A SINGULAR vision in this wise,
 Passed o'er the slumbering Papal eyes;
 The ground before him, seemed to pass
 Into a sea resembling glass.
 Not a sea of glass, but a sea of glasses,
 Churned into foam by the tails of asses. [E]
 Beyond that sea he saw a shore,
 Pleasantly, rising his eyes before
 'Twas a pretty island, a pleasant nook,
 And had a very Anglican look,
 And many an ancient village steeple.
 And the Pope could see the happy people,
 Going to Church with book in hand,
 And the golden sun shone on that land.
 Hundreds of all ranks and ages,
 Squires, and girls and pretty pages,
 Hastened to obey the bell,
 Whose tinkling tones they know so well.
 Ah, lovely vineyard —ah, splendid prize,
 That stood'st before the Papal eyes!
 In that same vineyard hard at work,
 The Pope saw many a "learned clerk."
 And many a tree with gold fruit breaking,
 Seemingly to be had for the taking.
 Prominent there he saw a digger,
 Working "as hard as any nigger;"

His name was Henry, Wood, Beleader,
 (A thoroughbred Anglican, no mere seceder
 From the doubtful backgrounds of dissent;
 With, from the cradle a Roman bent,
 Like some of those who "over" went,)
 In shirt sleeves, in that vineyard, he
 Was as busy as any bee,
 So great was his innate modes-tee.
 Butter in his mcuth would never melt,
 In his humilit-ee he felt
 He was worthy but of the humblest deeds,
 So he picked up the stones and pulled up the weeds;
 And, instead of ejecting the fruit of his labours
 On to the gardens of his neighbours
 As all sensible gardeners do,
 He saved the stones till a heap they grew,
 Then rammed them into a little sack,
 And sent it flying with a "whack,"
 Against the blessed Pope's corone—[F]
 Considerable applause was shewn,
 As the Pope rubbed first leg, then rubbed bone,
 By a few who took a mean delight,
 In a suffering fellow creature's plight.
 Many admired Beleader's ability,
 Pluck, and marvellous agility;
 And, wiseacres declared, the Queen
 Would make him, very soon, a Dean;
 Promotion, which, as commonly known,
 Usually leads to a Bishop's throne.
 Beleader meekly shook his head,
 And in the *humblest* accents said,

(He had not yet learnt of the Virgin Mary),
 "I should sing 'nolo episcopari.'"
 The people took him at his word,
 Of the "deanery" no more was heard;
 Stupid not to comprehend, oh!
 Beleader was "lucus a non lucendo."
 All the while, his mouth was watering
 For a coat of arms with a Bishop's quartering.
 The reprehensible old sinner,
 Would wait while the rest were gone to dinner,
 And shake the trees both branch and root,
 With open mouth to catch the fruit.
 It took a plaguey time to come,
 But, at last in his maw there fell a PLUM.
 His jaws were yet insatiate,
 He longed for an Episcopate.
 There were seventeen mitres stuck on a shelf,
 And, one day, while he was by himself
 He mounted a chair to have a try,
 To reach a mitre but 'twas too high;
 At length, by sticking pins in the wall,
 Up to those mitres he managed to crawl,
 And, had nearly reached with his fishy paw
 The very best mitre that he saw;
 When—the rest came suddenly back to work,
 And caught this paragon of a clerk
 At his doubtful game in *the very act*.
 Out of their sight he quickly backed,
 And, then, with burning cheek he made
 A rush, again to resume his spade.
 And, as at his weeds he kept a wriggling,

He heard a subdued, but constant giggling;
 And, this, his humilit-ee could not bear,
 So he raised his corpus up in the air,
 And, leaning upon his faithful spade,
 The sea of glasses o'er surveyed.
 And, thus he thought as he ruminated,
 "This Anglican vineyard do'nt seem fated,
 To satisfy my mild ambition;
 I, perhaps, sha'nt better my condition,
 At all events this side the grave,
 E'en though I labour like a slave,
 I'm just arrived at that range of years,
 When another sort of chance appears;
 I'm not too old to begin again,
 There's more than one turning in life's long lane;
 I'll cast a new die I declare.
 And, as doubtless the people over there
 Are more readily 'managed' than in this place,
 I'll 'slope' in this blessed year of grace,
 And help old Saint Peter's barque to trim."
 Here he looked at the Pope *and the Pope at him.*

Beleader threw away his spade,
 And, to make the final plunge essayed;
 The Anglicans opening all their eyes,
 Looked on with genuine surprise.
 Some among them with heartfelt sigh,
 Rushed forward to wish him a "good bye"
 And Beleader's eye as a bone was dry.
 And to account for his transition
 He told them he had, had a vision

Of the Blessed Virgin, in the night
 Who bade him flee with all his might
 From the Anglican to the Papal See
 Where his doubts and perplexities would be
 Set at rest by authorit—ee
 And where, if a brother weak were sinking
 The Pope was at his side "like winking"
 To fish him up with the Papal crook
 For special care by the Pope was took
 That no one should go "on his own hook."
 And so Beleader prepared to slope
 To the dominions of the Pope;
 He pulled off his coat and he pulled off his shirt,
 And washed his hands of all Anglican dirt,
 And raised up his arms for the final "splash"
 And into the "sea" went with fearful crash,
 And was out of sight "in half a crack,"
 Before his friends could say "Robinson Jack."

* * * * *

And what he felt beneath that wave
 Can never here be told,
 Till at the last trump, opes his grave
 And ALL, he shall unfold
 Before that God who shall appear
 And judge of all our motives here.

A mother's love, upon whose knee
 He learned to lisp a prayer,
 And the little village Church where he
 With her did oft repair,
 May strike his heart-strings with emotion,

When he shall launch on death's dark ocean.
Then God shall say who loves Him best,
And God the soul shall surely try—
What, if the loving Jesus' breast—
Shall fail me in death's bitter cry
And I shall feel death's bitter sting
Instead of songs the Angels sing?

SPASM YE SIXTH.

Further doings of Beleader, and his performances upon the Sea of Glasses, where he is changed into a beast. Ye Pope bestoweth upon ye beast a mitre.

THE Pope beheld Beleader dive,
 And watched to see where he'd arrive
 On the ocean's surface "all alive."
 He saw, to dive, an Anglican priest,
 But beheld an unmistakeable BEAST
 Rise to the top of the "foaming billow,"
 In shape much like an armadillo,
 With fishy snout and a slimy tail
 That lashed the water like a flail,
 With a hide at least six inches thick
 Against which neither stone nor brick
 If hurled by giant or by peasant
 Would hold in law as "*damage pheasant*." [G]
 See, now, the Beast on the glass sea swimmin'
 Admired by some *elderly* "silly women;"
 Lady Macfat and the Misses Flummery,
 And the Countess Kate Harington de Back Slum-
 merie,

And, Madame Celestine Lapperogin
 Anxious some heretic souls to win;
 And Julia Slap Bang whose late divorce
 Had made her a Romanist of course.
 Out of the Beast's mouth constantly flows,
 A volume of sulphur smoke, which rose

Up in the air, with the fumes of nitre
 In shape exactly like a mitre,
 With an anchor beneath it, expressive of hope,
 Before the eyes of our Lord the Pope.
 His Anglican friends, in the island, saw
 Him take some glass up in his paw
 And fling at them with a vicious intention,
 With a *private* oath I don't like to mention,
 But, as his paw was short and flappy
 His "projecting" efforts were not happy;
 They always failed to reach the game,
 And proved that he had a vicious aim.
 As I was told when, at school, a boy
 "You *shall* be annoyed if you *will* annoy,"
 And, then, with a very impressive thwack
 Came the master's ferule upon my back.
 So, Beleader found that "annoy away"
 Was a sort of game at which two could play.
 Old Father Time came, Thundering Blythe [H]
 And hacked at his carcass with his scythe,
 Heavy, spiked cannon shot were hurled
 On his "conk" [I] by "A Man of the World,"
 Some highly indignant Romans, too
 Who write for the U—n R——w.
 Pinched his tail, trode on his toes,
 And burnt bits of paper under his nose.
 The Pope then sent him a harquebus
 Blessed with the usual papal fuss.
 Remark! 'twas different a trifle
 From the modern Enfield rifle;
 For this wretched tool went off by "a match,"
 And the villainous powder would seldom "catch."

On its stock and barrel *un-true*
 Was carved "The Paddy Whack Review;"
 Potatoe stalks festooned were seen
 Around it with the shamrock green.
 'Twas the very worst weapon that could be found
 In the Papal arsenal I'll be bound.
 Beleader, of course, was very glad,
 And shouted "my Anglican friends by gad
 I'll give you a dose you won't forget,
 A stiffer one than you've had yet.
 From the Papal See." He took some powder,
 A six-fold charge to explode the louder;
 And, instead of bullets; rammed to the muzzle
 An encyclical, papal, Latin puzzle;
 And then with murderous intent,
 Took his aim at a little tent,
 Standing on the Anglican ground,
 Where Anglicans, Romans, and Greeks were found
 On their knees, engaged in prayer.
 Beleader's weapon, in the air
 Was duly raised—I should say riz,
 And "went off" with terrific "Fizz;"
 It knocked the tent off *terra firma*,
 With an explosion I must term, a
 Mild success; but no impression
 Was made on the people in possession.
 Not a hair of their heads did the powder touch,
 And they continued at prayer, as much
 As if no tent they had possessed,
 No evil passions smote their breasts.
 Now crawled the Beast on feet and hands,
 To where the Sovereign Pontiff stands;

And informed the Lord of the Holy See,
 He had "squashed" that A. P. U. C.
 And, glorified the Papal Power,
 Which in less than a quarter of an hour,
 Had asserted unqualified dominion,
 Over even Greek opinion;
 And over the Church of England, which
 Was not worth kicking into a ditch;
 Since t'was merely human and soon would die,
 (The Pope interjected "and so am I.")
 And the Beast ope'd a terrific grin,
 From root of ears to tip of chin,
 And the Pope with a still aching shin,
 From one of Beleader's bags of stones,
 Decided at once without "any more bones,"
 To grant what Beleader seemed to beg,
 Lest the Beast perchance should bite his leg.
 For the Beast while knee was duly bended.
 Had got his fishy paw extended;
 And the Pope noting his skull's capacity,
 Tossed a mitre to his rapacity;
 He looked in a drawer where he had a lot,
 Vacant (their number not easy to "tot.")
 Empty was one in that Classical quarter,
 Near where (once famed in song) dwelt the Rat-
 [catcher's daughter.
 The pope held the mitre before the dread Beast,
 Whose slaverings and scrapings and bowings increas'd
 So, dreading the Beast and his bite over much,
 The Pope dropped the mitre right into his clutch.
 "By the net of S Peter and sword of S. Paul"
 Cried the Beast in delight "here's a capital haul."

SPASM YE SEVENTH.

Illness and vomiting of ye Beast upon the Sea of Glasses, and an account of ye efforts made to relieve him. Despatch of a little chorister boy to him, and its results. Final departure of ye Beast from ye Sea of Glasses. Rage of ye Pope, and end of his dream.

THE Beast put the mitre on his head,
 And slept in it all night in bed.
 The next morning he got some paper,
 Pen and ink, and began to shape, a
 Sweet little pastoral, chiefly intended
 Not for the "faithful," but some who'd offended
 His dignity while he was simply a Beast;
 Whose love too for him, had not, since then, increased
 This ugliest of Beasts and most loving of pastors,
 Called utter pagans his very good masters.
 A course of proceeding, which drew indignation
 Down on his head from the Anglican nation;
 Against him was raised a cry and a hue,
 He was mauled by the S——y R——w.
 The storm blew over, a nine days' wonder,
 The Beast and his doings soon "caved under."
 Converts were not a bit increased
 By the elevation of the Beast
 To an arch-episcopate.
 Though I admit that efforts great
 Were made by organized "convert touters,"
 And the canonical Islington spouters.

Crimps by dozens, mouthing psalms,
 (With their "percentage" on the offertory alms.)
 Rootled about in every street,
 Chiefly the female flats to meet;
 Angling hard some fish to get,
 For the still unbroken Peter's net.
 But Beleader found things going slow,
 Converts were few, either "High" or "Low;"
 The trade was the reverse of flourishing,
 Revenue too not very nourishing.
 Booksellers would not print "ou spec."
 But must first receive a cheque.
 "Heu quanto mutatus ab illo Hectore."
 When anything "sold" that came from the Rectory
 And, if against a peer he rubbed,
 Beleader was invariably snubbed;
 And told to go to an Irish bog,
 And vegetate there as a "muzzled dog."
 And what is also very afflictin',
 Public opinion our rites restrictin'.
 We're worse off than the Norwich Benedictine,
 We can't do here-as they do abroad,
 By heretics we're overawed;
 Sad to say they're so influential,
 That we "tone down" anything "non-essential."
 Much as we should like to "go,
 The rigs" like those of Santiago,
 We dare not, lest a public shout
 Should be upraised and we "turned out."
 These thoughts within him began to churn,
 And his stomach began to turn;

Indigestible thoughts began to pass
 Out of him on to the Sea of Glass.
 The Anglicans saw his trepidation,
 And pitied much his situation;
 He was a Friend, to many dear,
 And they *felt* for him when *he* felt queer.
 Could nothing be done? A Leech was fetched,
 Who watched Beleader as he retched;
 And scratched his head and said the condition,
 Instantly demanded a physician.
 Then some one with a guinea ran,
 To fetch and fee the learned man;
 But the "learned man" was from his station,
 Away at a solemn consultation.
 And could not be seen until next day,
 So the Anglican messenger went away
 And told his story—some very long faces,
 Were pulled as Beleader made worse grimaces;
 When, luckily, on the scene appears
 A Surgeon of Royal Engineers;
 Who, instantly put a glass to his eye,
 The writhings of the Beast to spy.
 With a mild sardonic grin,
 He pocketed his fee "the tin;"
 Then ran off fast (His name was Harrison,) [K]
 To the Colonel in the garrison;
 And soon returned with a file of men,
 ('Twas merely a Sergeant's guard of ten.)
 Who immediately fumbled about in their pockets,
 And pulled out their levels and blue lights and
 [roo']

Then they caught a sweet little chorister boy,
 His "Father's hope and his mother's joy,"
 With pretty bow mouth and pretty light curls,
 That ran o'er his head like a cataract's whirls.
 Where did they catch him d'ye think? O gracious.
 At the Monastery of B——r I——s;
 That little boy could swim as well
 On the heaviest "Atlantic swell"
 As any duck on the calmest water,
 Then the Royal Engineers brought a
 Splendid mitre from a splendid See,
 The coronet of C—r—ee,
 Which they tied upon that little boy's back,
 And took him to water "in half a crack;"
 And told him exactly what to do,
 Upon that Sea of Glasses blue.
 The little boy plunged beneath the wave,
 And the glassy waters began to brave;
 His mother stood on that ocean shore,
 And thought she never should see him more.
 When she lost sight of his curly poll,
 The tears from her eyes began to roll,
 She sobbed and she cried; and people came
 To comfort that disconsolate dame.
 A due supply of "heavy wet,"
 Was brought in Pell Mell by the Gazette; [L]
 The Sergeant of Engineers had handy,
 A pocket pistol filled with brandy;
 Undiluted with *aqua pumpaginis*,
 Which he quickly sent to the dame's relief,
 It helped, very much, to assuage her grief.

See, now, the little boy bravely swimmin',
 Hurrah'ed by the clerks and all the women;
 He gets to the Beast who in direful spasms,
 Seemed to need Brandy and Cataplasms.
 Softly the little boy drew near,
 And began to sing in Beleader's ear,
 "Loroite! Loroite! a-hem!
 Look at this splendid diadem;
 Seventeen thousand a year and the ear of the Queen
 Is what this coronet doth mean;
 A splendid palace and influence great,
 And a leading part in affairs of state;
 Most likely you'd "do" the coronation,
 Of the future King of this great nation;
 And, certes, you'd sit in that ancient See,
 Founded by good old Pope Grego-ry."
 The Beast with *genuine* surprise,
 Looked at the mitre—then rubbed his eyes,
 Then looked at his own which was gingerbread gilt
 On which his life long hopes he'd built.
 'Twas extremely tawdry and "looked amiss,"
 (Here he gave the sweet chorister boy a kiss.)
 'That brassy "Catholic" mitre, if sold,
 Would scarce fetch a song even as "old gold"
 And a jury of "uncles" would scarcely vote,
 Its value to equal a five pound note.
 Then look at *that* mitre held up by the boy,
 'Tis the finest gold without alloy,
 And set with many a precious gem,
 A royal episcopal diadem.
 Think of *that*—then of Irish bog-trotters,

And sham miracles in Italian grotters,
 And such "pious frauds" as the liquefaction,
 Of Januarius' blood by chymical action;
 And think of the bother it is to me,
 To be always having up "to tea."
 Hard won converts who break their tether,
 Often in a little stress of weather;
 There is a flower my bosom swells,
 'Tis a Flower called Canterbury Bells.
 And 'eke from this place I'll take my flight
 And smell that flower this very night,
 Once more I'll return and be a MAN.
 Here the sweet chorister boy began
 To take from Beleader's inclining head,
 The Cardinal's hat with strings so red.
 He put on the mitre *which did'nt sit*,
 But the boy with paper pads *made it fit*.
 And then Beleader began to turn
 His face towards C——y's bourne,
 The T——t raved, and the R——r hissed,
 And the Pope levelled at him his doubled fist,
 And the Paddy Whack Review, in rage,
 "Crumpled him up" in every page.
 And the Pope a great discourse prepared,
 Before "the faithful" to be aired;
 (Ultramontane of course, and freely dosed
 With a strong proportion of Pepper's ghost)
 And, just as he opened his mouth and spoke
 Mephistopheles fled, and the Pope awoke.

SPASM YE EIGHTH.

Doings of ye Ultramontanes towards ye faithful. Final revolt of ye faithful and desertion of ye "Catholic Church" in ye town of Oukisophopol.

The "Catholic Church" got on apace
 In the heretic English place
 Though it didn't display much "fruit of grace."
 To the extremely vulgar worldly eye,
 Roman grace is kept always dry,
 And only displayed in the Sanctum Sanctorum,
 (Never with sanctity heretics bore 'em.)
 Romanists cursed and swore at "the people,"
 But were sanctimonious under the steeple.
 Converts came in—though 'twas somewhat strange
 That the principal sort who chose to change
 Their religious views, (I'm confidential)
 Were not, assuredly, influential;
 To me it always strange appears,
 That so few aristocracy and Peers
 Go over to Rome or to Dissent
 When either is found in a ferment.
 Ultramontanes, of course, got the upper hand
 And ruled "the faithful" in that land,
 They magnified the power of the Pope
 Till he was declared the only "hope."
 The dogma of the Immaculate Conception
 Was finally declared "deception."
 Since the Pope was greater than Mary. Whew!

The Mariolatists looked blue, .
 And scratched their polls and rubbed their eyes
 When they heard it declared, to their great surprise
 By the very infallible Pope himself .
 That he disliked being "on the shelf;"
 That, since Mariolatry had been growing
 'Respect for his Holiness had been "going."
 And that in a most auspicious hour
 The Holy Father by his power,
 As helmsman of Salvation's ark,
 (Commonly called Saint Peter's bark)
 Just as he verged upon senility
 Would put the last touch to infallibility.
 And now on peril of damnation
 Required the folks of every nation
 To hold that the Pope having done so much
 As putting the last and finishing touch
 To the "Glories of Mary" had, since then, decided
 By his self-inspired wisdom, what long ago, I did
 Namely that he who thus governed the Saints
 And settled, infallibly mundane complaints
 And handled the glorious kingdom of heaven
 With the ease with which baker's slap over their
 [leaven
 Could certainly not be a "servus servorum"
 But was, most decidedly, "optimus horum."
 And, so was revived without effort to mince
 A doctrine they started some centuries since,
 (Which, somehow had, latterly slept 'neath the sod)
 That the Pope was Almighty, the Pope he was God.

And, so the Ultramontanes went
 Putting the screw on, everywhere
 Till it was dangerous to scent
 A flower grown in heretic air.
 Much less to breathe the polluted vapour,
 Unless "purified" by priest with taper;
 If a "Catholic" bought a rasher of bacon
 At a heretic shop, to the priest he was taken
 And threatened with excommunication
 Which, of course, means unqualified damnation.
 If a "Catholic" married a heretic too
 He directly was booked for the sulphurous blue.
 Nothing could worse than heresy be,
 Though it always has seemed very strange to me
 And, likewise particularly funny
 That nobody hates heretical money.
 "Catholics" are under "divine obligation"
 To avoid the slightest conversation
 With all in heresy and schism
 (As I believe says their catechism.)
 Yet, money, by heretics paid at their doors
 Helps to buy carpets for chancel floors;
 Some portion of their heretical pelf
 Buys "wittles and drink" for the Bishop himself,
 And, so far from ever having enough,
 The usual cry is "its not half a suff."
 And so things went on and the screw got so tight
 That, at last the "Catholics" got in a fright,
 They couldn't do this and they mustn't do that,
 They must deal here for coats and there for a hat;
 They must "breed in and in" like th'effete aristocrac^{ies}

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The Anglican clergymen now sung a Mass
 In the fine English tongue and, arrayed in a cope,
 Looked as handsome, or handsomer far than the
 Pope.

The candles were burning the incense was flung
 The choristers chanted, the people they sung,
 And bright the sun glittered and sweet the bells
 rung.

Then he went to the Church whose foundation
 he'd set

And, by an advertisement saw 'twas "to let."
 Beneath which some wag had inscribed with a pen
 "MERRY ENGLAND IS ONLY FOR ENGLISHMEN." [M]

NOTES.

NOTE [A] PAGE 2.

"Whitely Clerical." The meaning of this, is that the parsons chose only to distinguish themselves from the common herd by an appliance termed a white choker which, however did not much distinguish them from waiters, whereas, did they wear cassocks and shovel hats, there could be no mistake. Every clodhopper could understand the meaning of a clerical dress, but every clodhopper has not the gift of discernment sufficient to enable him to distinguish between the Rev. M.A., and Jeames de la Pluche.

NOTE [B] PAGE 3.

I was informed some time ago of a Loan Society established among a certain set of "brethren" it is needless to say poor and ignorant—whose managers or, rather proprietors enacted full interest on this whole loan, till the last penny was paid off. Thus a person owing £15 on an original Loan of, say £200 would have to pay the whole interest due on the original sum.

NOTE [C] PAGE 5.

"Pueros pro choro Papæ castrare solent et hoc pro Majori Dei Gloria, dicentes ut eunuchos illos faciunt quia in regno Cælorum" neque nubunt neque in matrimonio dantur et quoque "quia regnum Dei intra nos est"—teste virtute presbyterorum in Italia. Laccus Historia Ecc. Rom. T. 4, cxix.

NOTE [D] PAGE 12.

"The Giaour," pronounced Gower—a word used by Lord Byron, and supposed to have been suggested to him as he was walking from Bedford Square to the Euston Road.

NOTE [E] PAGE 15.

"Churned into foam by the tails of asses."

This may seem a singular expression till it is explained, that the Sea of Glasses did not, naturally exist, but the majority being asses, each ass had a glass given in which to view himself, and the reflection was so disagreeable that, all unanimously threw

their glasses in the air, and when they came down again lay underneath and kept constantly kicking them. Hence an artificial superstratum of glasses and an actual substratum of asses which, combined, made the Sea.

NOTE [F] PAGE 16.

"Corone" from corona, a crown, put metonymically for the Pope's head, as he seldom wears his tiara.

NOTE [G] PAGE 21.

"Damage pheasant." This is doubtless an incorrect way of spelling the above old Norman French phrase still in use in our courts of Law but that, at all events is the way in which it is pronounced.

NOTE [H] PAGE 22.

"Thundering blythe." Old Father Time, conscious that he has a very long time to live, is usually found to be of a blythe and merry disposition. Having attained great influence over the minds of men by reason of his great age and experience, he is apt to thunder his opinions out at times—hence, "thundering blythe," but he is often incorrect, and makes great mistakes, which, however, people generally swallow as gospel, because they respect Time so much.

NOTE [I] PAGE 22.

"Conk," from "concha," a shell, signifying the emptiness of certain person's heads.

NOTE [K] PAGE 27.

The Surgeon's name was actually Harris,—a relation of the apocryphal "Mrs. Harris," but I was obliged to turn it into "Harrison" for, as Byron says

" Sometimes
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

NOTE [L] PAGE 28.

"Pell Mell by the Gazette." The Gazette was a paper published in Pell Mell temp Charles II, whose chief peculiarity was that it was printed and sold by the yard and not by the sheet as are ordinary newspapers.

NOTE [M] PAGE 35.

What we are beginning at length to perceive is what our forefathers of the Reformation saw the great English nation needed, and planned that we should have, I mean neither Popery nor Protestantism, but the pure Catholicism of the early Church before either Popery or Protestantism were invented. A little reflection will show the wisdom of this course, and when we come to examine the nature of primitive Catholicism we shall find it most exactly adapted to the spirit of the Anglican Church and the genius of the great English nation. When I was a child I was educated, of course, to look upon crucifixes, images and ritual, generally, as essentially Popish. I was taught to dislike the Church of Rome for such things. And then when I grew up and witnessed the extreme ritual of some Anglican Churches I was of course, at first, very much shocked; but bye and bye, when I reasoned the thing over in my mind, I put the case to myself thus "supposing the essence of Popery to lie in all these external practices, what would become of Roman priests if they were temporarily, as they might be, cut off from their vestments, candles, images and incense, would they be worse clergy, or would their masses be no longer truly masses if they were compelled to celebrate in a plain black gown or a surplice?" I then decided to strike at the root of matters. I mean the *doctrines* which must necessarily lie at the foundation of the Roman Church, beneath all her external pomp and glitter. Having done this I was astonished to find that the main doctrines on which Popery is based agree almost exactly with the fundamental errors of Protestantism. I here allude more especially to the Protestantism of dissent, for although the Church of England is largely tainted with Protestantism, in her case it is an evil which may be gradually shaken off, whereas with dissent it must ever, for want of a true ministry, remain imbedded in its every bone. So, then, when I came to write down, side by side on paper, the doctrines of bald Popery and the doctrines of bald Protestantism, and found them tally so exactly, I disliked Rome just as much more for this, as in my childhood I had been taught to dislike her for the use of external

ceremonies. Nor was ocular evidence wanting to demonstrate that the Papist and Protestant were in reality best friends at bottom, though differing widely as to modes of worship, for, without exception, the Papal Church exhibited itself to me, everywhere, flourishing best in direct contiguity to the most virulent Protestantism.

The real truth and magnificent nature and scope of the English Church's reformation is now, I believe, thoroughly making itself known to the young and rising members of the Anglican Communion. At length they are beginning to know for a certainty that, as the Papacy has long since discarded Catholicism, and that, as dissent never has been and never will be able to be Catholic, so neither can be the guide for those who would seek religion in its utmost purity. At length, all over England we see that a large and influential party is separating itself from the Popish Chapel on the one hand, and the dreary Protestantism of dissent and Calvinistic Anglicanism on the other; they walk any number of miles to be rid of both, and, as a consequence, the Papist and the Protestant are gradually getting it "all to themselves." Young England avoids them both and will probably have the pleasure of seeing them "fight it out" in the next generation.

We find *inter alia* that the Protestant denies the Apostolical Succession, the Power of the Keys, nay the very existence of the Church as a corporate Catholic Body. With him the Papist also agrees in discarding the Apostolical Succession as useless, save when in submission to Rome, and rejects the idea of any "Church" being in existence out of the Papal Communion. Then, is not the Papacy confessedly, according to the best Roman authorities, a novelty, dating from about the sixth century; and is not Protestantism also a novelty dating some eight centuries further on. And is it not a fact that all this Protestantism was engendered by born and bred Roman clergy, and does this strike us as an argument that the actual Unity of the Church resides in the Pope? With respect to the Sacraments too, Papal and Protestant teaching exactly tally, for, whereas the latter denies that there is any Verity in the Sacraments at all, the former discards the notion that the Sacraments will confer real grace out of the

Papal Church. Then, too, whereas the Pope is set up as infallible, the Protestant, not a whit behind, sets up the Pope of Private Judgment as equally infallible and both of course make their respective infallibleness ridiculous before the Catholic Church and the eyes of the world. Contrast again the exact similarity between the Protestant "only believe and you shall be saved" and the Papal "submit to the Pope and you shall not only be saved, but do pretty much as you like as for example retaining your own vernacular worship and customs, if you are uniate Greeks." If Protestantism is an omnium gatherum of diverse Babels, held together by a rope of sand, then assuredly, Popery is a congeries of dissimilar bodies professing unity, submission and uniformity, but believing and practising almost everything; there are nowhere so great divergences in opinion and in ritual as are to be found in the Church of Rome.

These are only a few out of many points on which the Papist and Protestant will be found to agree exactly. Many more must suggest themselves to rational observers. In the meanwhile we must pray for the Roman Church, for her Clergy, Bishops and her Pope, that Primitive Catholicism may once more be restored to them, especially the Catholicism of the days of SS. Gregory and Augustine. Let us ever remember that the Roman Church wants but re-catholicising, to become once more the great Church she was when the federation of all the Churches of God gave her the strength she has since lost. Let us remember that it is Rome, not ourselves, who loses most strength by schisms and divisions, and that unless the support of the Greek and Anglican Churches be once more accorded her she will never, to the end of the chapter, be anything more than a weak entity, distinguished, markedly, by her isolation. Let us be kind to her and endeavour to raise her, a Sister Church, up to our own standard.

That the Papacy as it has existed since the sixth or seventh century is crumbling off to extinction requires no proof, it is sufficiently palpable to the senses. Not its most ardent admirer (who might perhaps wish to see the world entirely at the Pope's beck and call) can assert that it is anything more in the present day than a mere shadow of its mediæval greatness. Human in

its foundation it did purely human work in the dark ages, and has now been brought to the purely human test of advancing civilization and fallen off before it; in a hundred ways it is incomparably weak and valueless, it is a remaining figment of a former power extracted from the ignorance of mankind, now asserting a shadow of authority without the ability to enforce it. Asserting much it is compelled to practise very little. Here in England we see Roman Catholic clergy electing their own bishops, whom the Pope afterwards confirms; there is no attempt on the part of the Court of Rome, as in the centuries preceding the Reformation, to force foreign ecclesiastics even upon its own missionary centres; so far from exacting uniformity of rites and worship and language, a nominal submission to the Papacy is considered all that is requisite; people may do and believe almost anything so that they profess themselves believers, and the Roman Church, instead of—like the Greeks and Anglicans—holding out a distinct Catholic standard to which all must submit or go elsewhere, is willing to accommodate anybody on almost any terms. The Catholic, then, turning from Rome's paper theories to her actual practice is disgusted. Can it be right for example that the Uniate Greeks should be permitted to retain the use of the chalice and a vernacular liturgy, while others of the Papal obedience are denied both? Is this Unity? Is this justice? Is this consistency?

But the Episcopate is Divine and has withstood the storms and shocks of nearly nineteen centuries, otherwise the Papal chair would, long since, have been exterminated. And, so much of the Catholic Episcopate as Rome possesses will serve her in good stead when the day shall come when the nations rushing with one accord to Christ the One Shepherd and Bishop of our souls shall revert once again to a Catholicism undimmed by the fundamentally identical errors of Popery and Protestantism. And it cannot be for no purpose that God is directing the great world intellect of the Anglo Saxon race more vigorously now than ever into those paths of primitive Catholicity where the Church in her best days was always greatest. The Anglican Church has a great, a noble, an exalting task before her. She has to go among the

nations steeped in Papal lethargy, and make each individual Christian a Saint; she has to call off mere Protestantism from its system of empty negations and blend the whole into One Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and World Church, fit to be the Spouse of Jesus. This task She is already beginning to accomplish.



